

The Ins and Outs of Soda Crackers

Soda crackers fresh from the oven are good—delicious—
—if exposed to the air they quickly lose that goodness—
—much of it in a few minutes—most of it in an hour—
—all of it in a day.

—That's why the common kind, the paper-bag kind,
have lost their flavor before you get them.

—In **Uneeda Biscuit**
there's a difference—a big difference
because they are packed at the oven door
in the famous In-er-seal Package—
the package with red and white seal—an invention
for preserving the goodness of biscuit;
an airtight and germ proof covering
which holds within
the oven-fresh flavor of **Uneeda Biscuit**.
—and keeps without
the undesirable flavors of all other things
—that's one reason why
millions buy **Uneeda Biscuit**.
Another reason is the price—

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STRICTURE, VARICOCELE, BLOOD POISON

and all Chronic, Blood, Nervous, Private and Skin Diseases of both sexes,
cured when others fail. Book for Men only, FREE at office, or sent
sealed for 4 cents in stamps. Prompt and Permanent Cures Guaranteed
in all forms of venereal, lost manhood, nervousness, despondency,
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THE COLUMBIAN CARRIAGE & HARNESS CO.,
Columbus, O., P. O. Box 772.
St. Louis, Mo., P. O. Box 54.
Write to nearest office.

A Daisy Target Gun for the Boy

The lad who desires some fun can get
a Target Gun from the Kansas City
Journal as a present.

The name of this gun is "THE
DAISY," and it is well named. This
gun is thirty inches in length from the
end of the barrel to the end of the stock.
The barrel and breech are finished in
nickel. The stock is made of walnut.
In fact, the gun is a beauty throughout.
This gun breaks in the center and will
shoot a bullet or target as straight as a
bee-line. Here is a gun that the boy
can have fun with.

Our proposition: Any boy who will
get EIGHT new subscriptions for The
Kansas City Weekly Journal at 35 cents
each, making a total of \$2.80, and will
send us a list of the names together
with the money, we will ship to his ad-
dress by mail or express, charges pre-
paid, this handsome target gun. Send
money by postoffice order or draft.
Boys, here is a chance to get the fun
of your life. Rustle a little and get this
gun as our proposition only holds for
sixty days, from December 1st.

Address all communications to The
Kansas City Journal, Kansas City, Mo.
Send for sample copies of the Weekly
for canvassing.

Executor's Notice.

Notice is hereby given, that letters testa-
mentary on the estate of Henry Shutt, de-
ceased, were granted to the undersigned on
the 17th day of December, 1902, by the Pro-
bate Court of Holt County, Missouri. All
persons having claims against said estate are
requested to exhibit them for allowance to
the executor within one year after the
date of said letters, or they may be precluded
from any benefit of such estate; and if such
claims be not exhibited within two years
from the date of this publication, they will
be forever barred. CASSIUS SHUTT,
Executor.

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PILLS FOR THE TREATMENT OF ALL
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It is the best hair dressing ever
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New Ideas in Fashions, in Millinery,
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for the money it can give you. 5 C.

THE NEW IDEA PUBLISHING CO.,
520 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Does Sap Split Trees?

The general opinion is that the
sap of trees goes up in the spring
and down in the fall, just before the
cold weather sets in. This is not so,
according to one authority. He says
the water in trees increases from
the time the leaves wither, so that
there is much more moisture in the
trees in the winter than in the sum-
mer. It is not until the warm weather
absorbs this moisture from the
branches that the sap begins to go
up. As to trees that split, this is not
caused from the freezing of the wa-
ter in the trees, but from the con-
traction of the trunk because of the
cold. The same thing occurs when
wood is placed in the kiln to dry. In
the spring, when the thaw comes, the
tree expands to its original dimen-
sions.—Nature.

Tidal Waves in Harness.

A proposal is on foot at Hikuraki, in
New Zealand, for the utilization of the
tidal waters of the place in the
generation of electricity. The plan
is to build a tunnel through a narrow
neck of land at Pelorus sound, 88 feet
in length. The rise and fall of the tide
at this place varies from six feet to
ten feet and 11 feet, and the tunnel
would, it is said, command 50,000 acres
of tidal water. It is not stated how
the power would be generated, but
presumably the tunnel would be made
below the level of the lowest ebb tide
and turbines would be installed at
either end of the tunnel. The scheme
has been taken up by a local company,
which has a capital of \$375,000.—Chi-
cago Chronicle.

Chamberlain Year.

Each year when the time for the
making of wine comes round, the own-
ers of vineyards on the Moselle, in
pursuance of a very ancient custom,
christen the vintage with the name
of some important person who has
been especially prominent during the
previous year. Thus Garibaldi and
Bismarck have both figured as spon-
sors of certain moselles, as well as
Emperor William. This year the sea-
son has been cold and wet, and the
wine will be poor, so the vineyard
owners of the Moselle, having a pret-
ty wit for Anglophobes, have christ-
ened their wine after Mr. Chamber-
lain.—London Express.

Says That Shoot Through Iron.

Experiments by Prof. E. Ruther-
ford, reported to the Royal Society
of Canada in Toronto, show that the
wonderful substance, radium, from
which a constant, invisible emanation
takes place, is capable of sending its
rays through eight to ten inches of
iron. The ionization produced by the
rays after emerging from the iron
shows, Prof. Rutherford says, that
they must be regarded as consisting
of negatively charged particles.—Sci-
ence.

Pardonable Mistake.

A small town in the southern part
of Kentucky arose to the affluence
of a golf club. When one of the lady
members, who was nothing if not up
to date, arrayed herself in a new
golfing costume, with its parapher-
nalia of drivers protruding from a
bag slung across her shoulder, the
cook met her with upraised hands.
"Why, Miss Clara, yer ain't done
gwine ter fix'n' umbrellas, is yer?"
—Woman's Home Companion.

What She Was Thinking.

Gladys—I'm something of a mind
reader myself.
Ethel—Indeed?
"Yes, I can usually tell at a glance
what a person thinks of me."
"Wonderful! But don't you often
find it awfully embarrassing?"—Stray
Stories.

In Athens.

"And now," said the guide, having
saved the best for the last, "I will show
you the ruins of the Parthenon."
The sorrow-faced man of the party—
the man with the goatee—demurred.
"Durn the ruins!" he exclaimed.
"Show us something fresh. Where's
the midway?"—Chicago Tribune.

A Cynical Distinction.

"I never heard of his doing anything
out of the way in politics," said the
patriotic citizen.

"Neither did I," answered Senator
Sorghum.

"And yet you question his honesty?"

"I do. He ain't honest. He's just
timid."—Washington Star.

Think What She Has Missed.

Tom—Why so melancholy, old man?
Jack—Miss Jones rejected me last
night.

"Well, brace up, there are others."

"Yes, of course, but somehow I can't
help feeling sorry for the poor girl."—
Stray Stories.

Accounted For.

Martha—That horrid Mr. Roaner
kissed me in the hall last night.

Constance—You don't mean it! How
did it happen?

"It was pitch dark in the hall—"

"Ah, I see. That accounts for it,
dear."—Boston Transcript.

What More Could He Ask?

"But can you provide for my daugh-
ter properly?" asked the father.

"Certainly," replied the youth from
Europe. "I can provide her with a
title, can't I?"—Chicago Post.

Acquiesced.

"I am innocent, and I can prove it if
you will give me time," whined the old
offender.

"Three years," said the judge.—Bal-
timore American.

Her Chance.

"What a quiet girl Miss Barlow is,"
remarked Mr. Tredway.

"Guess you never saw her at a whist
party," was Mr. Perkaskie's observa-
tion.—Detroit Free Press.

Mulberry Trees.

In 1839, just before the people came
to their senses in regard to the
hallucination that mulberry trees
would bring them wealth, a nursery-
man sent an agent to France to pur-
chase several millions of young trees.
He carried \$80,000 in cash as a first
payment. When the trees arrived,
the inevitable crash had come, and
the nurseryman failed for so large
an amount that he could never reckon
up his indebtedness. His trees were
offered in vain at a dollar a hundred
for pea brush. After the crash some
large holders sought to unload with-
out loss. They chartered an unsea-
worthy vessel, loaded her with trees,
and sent the cargo heavily insured
via New Orleans to India. To their
great chagrin, the vessel reached New
Orleans safely, and the trees were
transferred to river boats at great
expense and hurried on to their des-
tination. When finally they ar-
rived no one would take them as a
gift.—Chicago Daily News.

Mountains Are Moving.

"The mountains are constantly
moving," was the remark of an offi-
cer of the Denver & Rio Grande road
recently in speaking of the great
landslides in the canyon above Glen-
wood Springs, Col. "We find from
actual experience in maintaining
tunnels, bridges and tracks in the
mountains that the mountains are
moving. It costs a railway passing
through the mountains a great deal
of money in the course of ten years
to keep the tracks in line, and main-
tenance of tunnels is even more ex-
pensive. Drive a stake on the side of
a mountain, take the location with
the greatest care and return after a
few months. The stake is not in the
same location. The whole side of the
mountain has moved. This experi-
ment has often been tried, and in all
cases the result proves that the
mountains are moving. The moun-
tains are gradually seeking the level
of the sea."—Chicago Chronicle.

King Penalties.

Wealthy as King Edward of Eng-
land is, he found himself without
money the other day, and at a mo-
ment when he needed it badly. The
queen and he were attending divine
service in St. Paul's cathedral, and
in due course the poorbox was hand-
ed to them. The king thereupon put
his hand in his vest pocket for some
money, but found none, and, though
he searched pocket after pocket, he
was unable to produce a single penny.
Much discomfited, he turned to the
queen, probably with the intention
of asking for her purse, but he was too
late, for the official with the box had
passed on. After the service the king
mentioned the incident to the bishop
of London, who had officiated, and
said that he would be obliged to ask
him for a small loan, adding, hum-
orously: "It is not the first time
I have borrowed money."—N. Y.
Herald.

Occupations and Color of Hair.

Dr. Redloe has said that there is a
distinct relation between man's
pursuits and the color of his hair.
An unusual proportion of men with
dark, straight hair enter the minis-
try; red-whiskered men are apt to
be given to sporting and horseflesh;
while the tall, vigorous, blonde man,
lineal descendant of the Vikings, still
contributes a large contingent to
travelers and emigrants.—Detroit
News-Tribune.

Candid Confession.

Aunt Sally—You were not awkward
at your debut, were you, dear? I hope
you knew how to hold your hands?
Helen—I didn't have to hold them,
auntie.

All Familiar Admonitions.

Railway Official—You had better
not smoke, sir.
Traveler—That's what my friends
say.
"But you must not smoke, sir."
"So my doctor tells me."
"But you shan't smoke, sir."
"Ah! just what my wife says."—
Stray Stories.

Knew Her Style.

Miss Anna Teck—I would like to go
shopping with you, but the dentist is
to fix up my teeth this afternoon and
it will take him at least an hour.
Miss Speitz—Well, that'll give us
time. You can shop with me while he's
doing his work.—Catholic Standard
and Times.

Correctly Diagnosed.

Naggsby—I noticed that Fether-
hed used vinegar instead of maple
drip on his cakes at breakfast, and
didn't seem to notice the difference
at all.

Waggsby—I wonder who the poor
girl can be!—Baltimore American.

An Aching Void.

"Brooks," said Rivers, "second time
you've used the term 'aching void.'
How can a void ache?"
"Well," said Brooks, reflectively,
"not to speak of a hollow tooth,
don't you sometimes have the head-
ache?"—N. Y. Press.

One Type of Man.

The man who sits around and waits
for his friends to find him a job is al-
ways the first to line up in front of the
bar on a general invitation.—Chicago
Daily News.

Possession.

Possession may be nine points of the
law, but self-possession is a law unto
itself.—Chicago Daily News.

The Best Way.

When you can honorably do so the
best way to conquer your enemy is to
concur with him.—Sun's House.

Tipping the Butchers.

In the largest private market in
New York nearly every woman who
buys meat has her favorite butcher,
whom she tips with a dime at each
order, thereby compounding a felony,
for the fee invariably obtains for her
an overweight of the purchase. Re-
cently four of the 26 butchers em-
ployed left their places and opened
an opposition market three blocks
away. This aroused the suspicion of
their former employer, who proceed-
ed to investigate. He learned that
20 of his butchers had been systemat-
ically rubbing him for the sake of
tips. If a woman ordered three
pounds of steak she would get three
and a half pounds in consideration
for her dime. On a single order
meat, worth seven dollars, was found
billed at \$3.12. The day before the
proprietor detected a butcher in the
act of giving away a four-pound
chicken to a woman who had tipped
him regularly for years.—Detroit
Free Press.

A Year's Immigrants.

The number of immigrants admit-
ted to the United States during the fi-
scal year ended June 30, 1902, was 648,
743, of which 466,369 were males and
182,374 females. The increase over the
preceding year is 160,825. In the num-
ber of immigrants from the country,
Italy stands first, with 178,375, and Aus-
tro-Hungary second, with 171,989. Ire-
land decreased 1,423, and China 810.
For various cases, admission was re-
fused to 4,974 immigrants. Special at-
tention has been given to the enforce-
ment of the Chinese exclusion laws,
and it is desired that the appropriation
be so enlarged that a more efficient
patrol can be had on the Mexican and
Canadian borders and provision made
for the appointment of competent of-
ficers for the service in Canton and
Hong-Kong.—Success.

Four Thousand Godfathers.

Princess Irene, of Russia, is better
provided for in the matter of god-
fathers than any other woman in the
world. She can boast of no fewer than
4,000 godfathers, and how she came to
obtain so many is a pretty story.
When she was born the war of 1866 was
drawing to an end, and peace being
concluded just at the time of her
christening, her father, Prince Henry
of Hesse, requested all the officers and
men of the regiments under his com-
mand to stand godfathers to his little
daughter, whom he named Irene
(Peace) in commemoration of the end
of the war.—London Tatler.

Anything to Oblige.

Mr. Greatman—I wish you'd stop
printing my portrait every time any
little thing happens to me, or else get
a new one. You've had that old plate
in 17 times.

Editor—All right, my dear sir. Any-
thing to oblige.

Assistant Foreman (a week later)—
I can't find that picture of Sam, the
sneak thief, anywhere.

Foreman—Well, dump in that old pic-
ture of Mr. Greatman. It ain't going to
be used for him any more.—N. Y.
Weekly.

California's Lima Beans.

The present average yield of lima
beans in southern California is 22,000,
000 pounds, which is about three-
fourths of the total production of the
world. One ranch in the bean country
covers 1,500 acres. This is the largest
bean field in the world, and it re-
quires 40 tons of seed beans to plant it.
—Agricultural Journal.

As He Called It.

"So you don't mind my piano-play-
ing, Mr. Skorcher," remarked Miss
Nexdore.

"Not at all," replied Skorcher. "I
like it best when you're coasting."

"When I'm coasting?"

"Yes, when you keep your feet off
the pedals."—Catholic Standard.

She Wanted One Saved.

Young Miss Wilgus—Where are you
going, papa?

Rev. Mr. Wilgus—To the temperance
meeting. We intend to inaugurate a
movement to save the young men of
the country.

"Try and save a nice one for me, will
you, papa dear?"—Portsmouth Times.

Ingenuity.

George—You know Ethel told Jack
that lips that touched liquor should
never touch hers.

Clara—Yes.

"Well, when Jack takes a cocktail
now he always takes it through a
straw."—Somerville Journal.

Only Explanation Handy.

Friend—I haven't seen you for some
time.

Poet—No. Fact is, I have become a
good deal of a recluse lately.

"I feared as much. How much do
you owe?"—Stray Stories.

Why Freddie Scowled.

Guest—Why do you scowl at one so,
Freddie?

Freddie—'Cause you have eat all the
cake and haven't married either of my
sisters yet.—Lippincott's.

Her Idea of It.

"Do you believe in short engage-
ments?"

"Yes, indeed, and lots of them!"—
Detroit Free Press.

How He Escaped.

Mrs. Binks—There goes a man who
proposed to me once. He's rich, too.

Mr. Binks—I'll bet he wasn't rich
when you refused him.—Tit-Bits.

A Suggestion.

Wife—I've talked to you till I'm
worn out.

Husband—Why not shut up for re-
pairs?—Judge.

It Was Continuous.

"How much did your daughter's wed-
ding cost?"

"Oh, about \$4,000 a year."—Life.